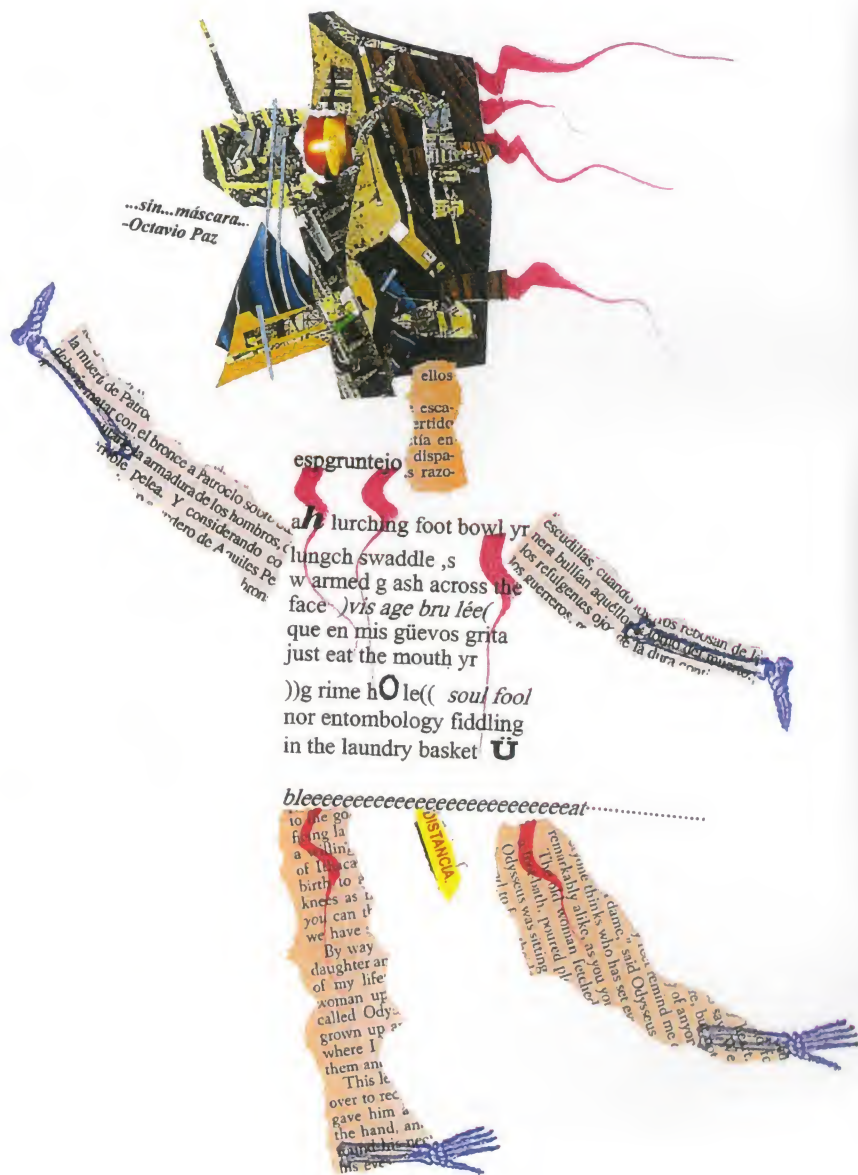




# LA TUERCA

John M. Bennett  
with Jim Leftwich  
& Thomas M. Cassidy

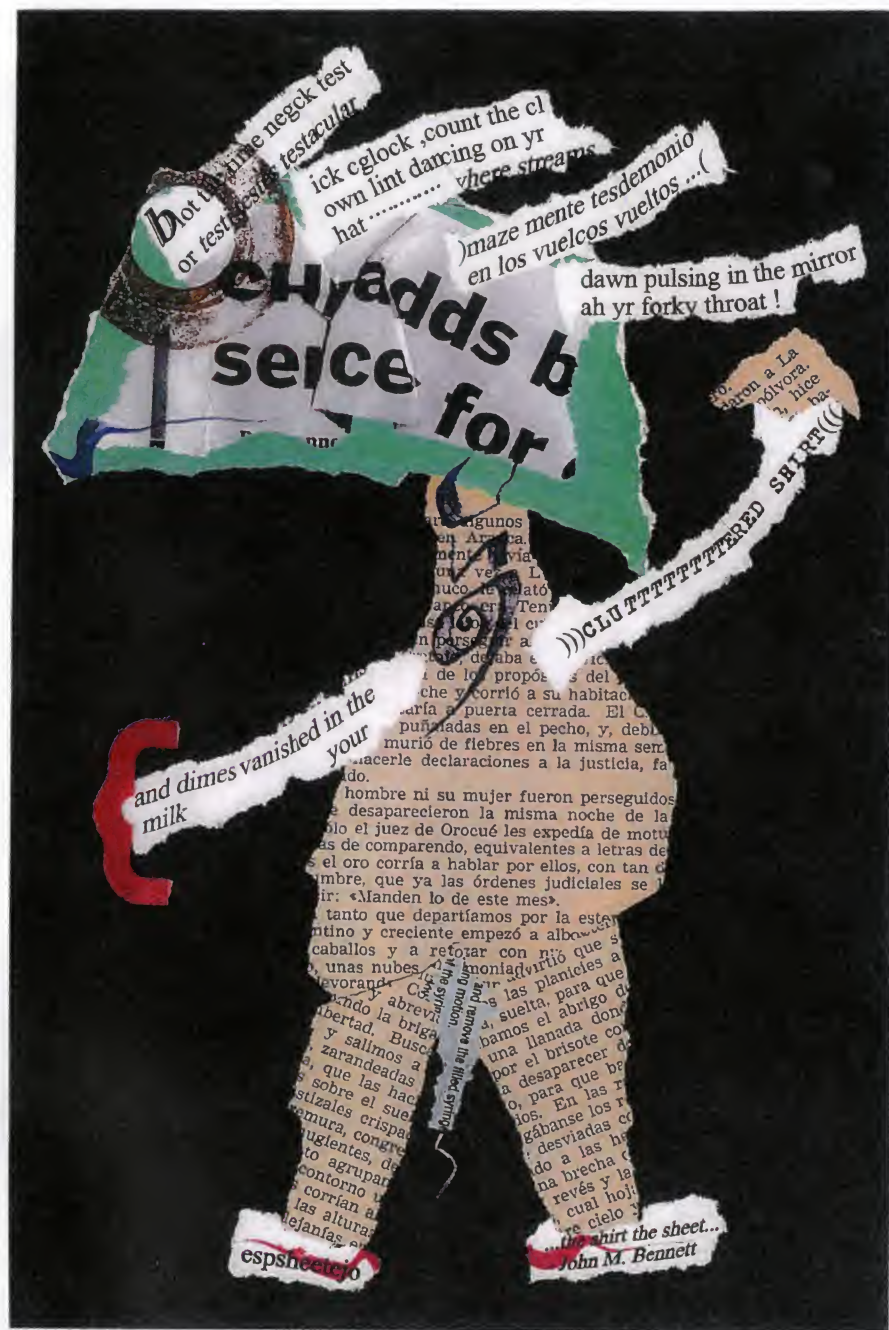


2015

Poetry, John M. Bennett; Collage, John M. Bennett  
with heads by Jim Leftwich (1, 3, 9, 11)  
& Thomas M. Cassidy (2, 4, 10, 12)

LUNA BISONTE PRODS  
137 Leland Ave., Columbus, OH 43214 USA

2



3





la tuerca

the chewed boat your  
c loset tongue's last  
sweat first meal wr  
iggling in yr throat  
it's the c age of l  
aundry it's a lengua  
de maderata tallada  
con un caragliflo found  
among the rocks re  
focused dice and  
sandwich blindness  
legs walking out to sea

...no...ví...

T

R

rook

run the g  
ate a way  
yy tomber  
re monstrance  
shade ah's  
go go go  
en tabflacture  
yr stroke re  
gret one  
howls one  
dumbs one  
melts be  
hind the  
f ridge the  
coff in tool

yr knob pond

## the spider

p eel the sciss ors if  
yr g ate sand wich opens  
toward the beach in  
flames if if was  
off the face a tow  
el doubled in the  
flooded closet is a  
shredded phonebook  
full of millipedes is  
the mumbling neck tastes  
the blades the hand  
roams into the of br  
each finds your if name  
finds your off name ff  
inds yr nname

S

S

F

## fold

stoke the ra  
bbit ere the  
large hanging  
teeth yr arm  
reduce re  
duce was b  
roke the  
finger said  
the bring  
thing ,root  
the cloud o  
toor eht duolc  
rechambered  
was what b  
arked was  
barking eat  
the shore

longer longer chew

## numbs

col nor ent  
in tensive  
su it hhh  
ump before  
yr vis age  
knew pl ease  
re turn the  
t ime p lease  
dont the  
pee ling ddd  
oubt's con  
tactual foam  
.inter sticey  
f lame yr  
shshoe re  
tains the  
dog pile

outer outer

N

T

## tool

br icks fon etics  
ob viate yr chin  
stones buried in  
the b each of you  
a nail what t  
ouched the board's  
engagement off the  
air a dr ink you  
sw eat was fr  
amed with brat  
wurst was the  
mantis alerted on  
a leaf you spoke  
what name with  
it's a storm awa  
kens in the broom  
bangs the wall

yr shredded flag



i mage

thicker than yr head the  
if it was ,mortar mor  
tal no es ,sombra w  
rithes beneath a  
tree the b lack  
long bush a crow  
ded said ,sez yr  
lunch return ah  
o pen said the  
mouth of snails  
,said the skull  
filled with bees

*Des porches de l'abîme...*  
- Victor Hugo



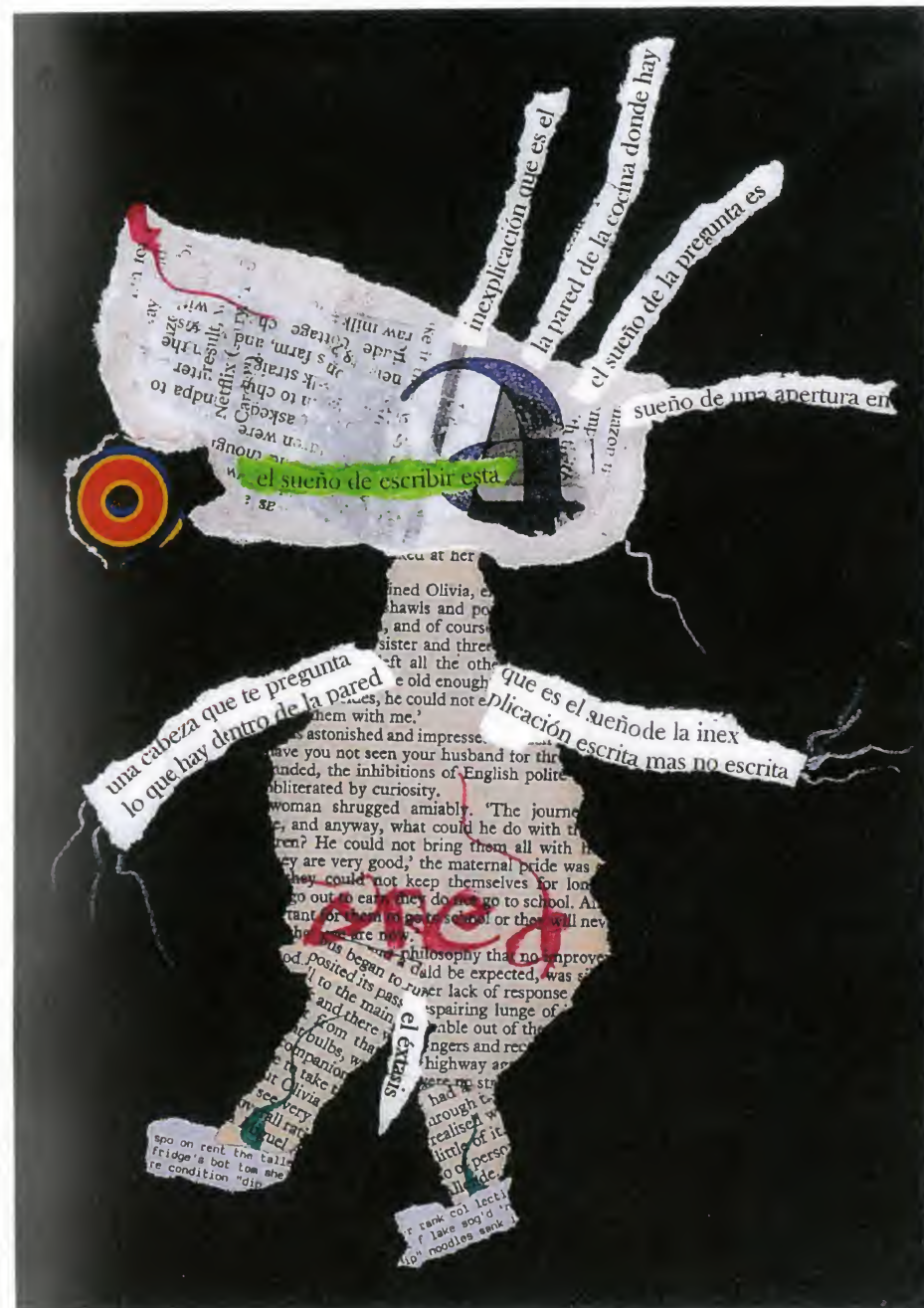
reek

f lips the ch  
anchre off h  
ops nam e re  
dolent doll ar  
do lor e u m y  
foot hurts my  
dang led sh  
orts re lap  
sed into yr  
shadow me em  
blazed em bla  
zoned cross eh  
face's shade  
drawn before the  
wind ow moon

huff an think









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